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The Collegiate

CHRISTMAS, 1917

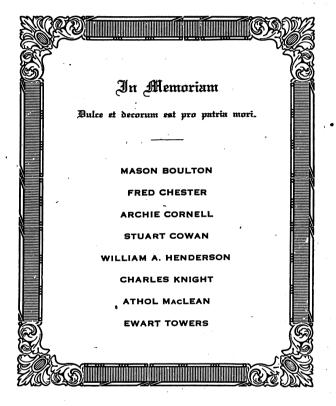
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Adams, Roy Bartlett, Preston Battley, Sinclair Beatty, Harold Bentley, Albert, Capt. Bentley, Dr., Lieut.-Col. Boulton, Mason (Killed in ac-Beresford, Harry, Lieut. (Wounded) Broughton, E. Brown, Gordon Cameron, Alex. Carr, Beacher Cathcart, Dr. Selby Cathcart, Standish Campbell, Allan Campbell, Harry Cowan, Hector Cowan, Stuart, Lieut. (Killed in action) Cook, B. Leslie, Ft. Lieut. (Wounded) Cole, Gordon Cole, Murray Crawford, Arthur, Lieut., M. C. (2), (Wounded) Crawford, Claire Crawford, Howard Crawford, Sinclair Crawford, Garfield Copeland, Willard Cheyne, Wm., Lieut. Chester, Fred (Killed in action) Cornell, Archie, Lieut, (Killed in action) : , Crockard, Alex. Doherty, Russell (Am. Army) Dawson, Frank, Lieut.

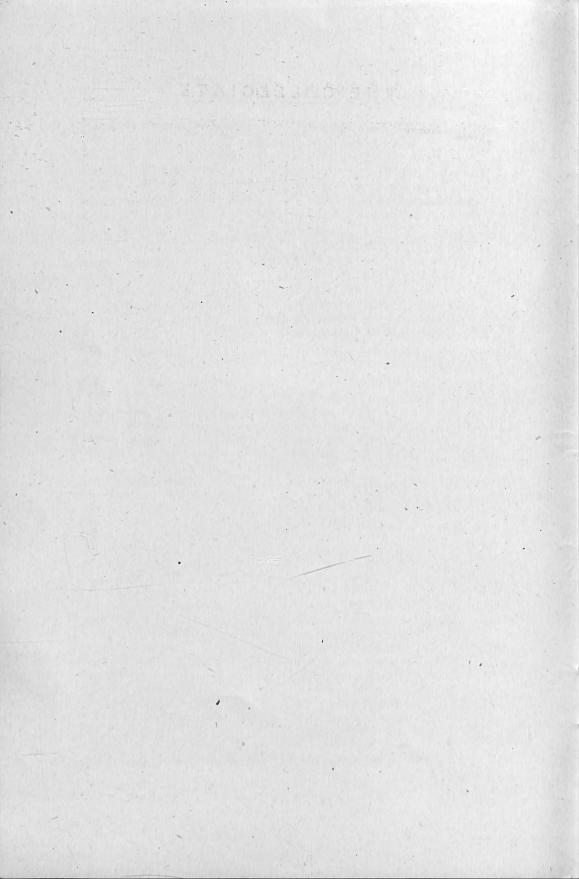
Darbyshire, James Duncan, Malcolm Dyble, Richard Donohue, Raymond Ellis, Albert Ellis, Edward Elliott, James (Wounded) Elliott, Arthur Fleming, Hugh (Wounded) Fitzgibbon, Cecil Fawcett, Lyle Garvey, Geoffrey, Lieut. (Wounded) Gardiner, Robert (Wounded) Geary, G. R., Major Geddes, Keith, Lieut. (Wounded) Gilchrist, Wm. Gilroy, Eric, Ft.-Lieut. Gray, Goldwin (Wounded) Gray, Ross Gleason, Michael Guertin, Wm. Gorman, Fred Haley, William Haney, Wilfred, Ft.-Officer. Hanna, Neil, Lieut. Harris, Arnold Henderson, Wm. A., Capt. (Obiit) Howard, Edward (Wounded) Hill, Hardy Hopson, Stanford Hucker, Charles Hutchinson, E. Irvine, Walter Jones, L. E., Lieut.-Col. (D. S. O.) O. C. 18th Battalion Johnston, Gilbert

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Towers, Robert, Lieut.-Col,
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Wade, Roger
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Wanless, Graham
Weir, Charles, Lieut.
(Wounded)
White, Daniel
Wood, Gordon, Capt.
Wilson, David, Lieut.
Yeates, Wilbert





In these days of stress and struggle Christmas festivities seem strangely out of place. Today with so many of our loved ones far away across the seas, we cannot imagine the big shimmering Christmas tree and the mountains of turkey and cranberry sauce. Our thoughts are only of those who within the sound of the big guns, are enjoying their boxes from home and thinking-of the happy days gone by. The war has brought suffering and sorrow in its wake and few there are who have not been afflicted by it. But let us not be cast down and despondent. If our attitude is one of hope and courage we are assured of this, that no defeat can ever sully our arms.

Fellow Canadians, we wish you a brave Christmas.

The history of words and phrases is a most interesting study. Words rise from obscure places in our vocabularies to positions as catch words of great corporations and nations. We have seen them rise until they were words on everybody's tongue and then they have returned to their unimportant standing of a few months previous. Such words are "Service," "Efficiency," "Safety First," and many others. But today there is a phrase on every lip which will remain a phrase of the greatest import for an indefinite period, and that phrase we have adopted as a title for this Christmas Collegiate—"Win-th-War." In every walk of life these words confront us and we must never overlook their importance. In politics, it is the man who really upholds this banner that deserves to find a place in Parliament. In household life, food control is a great ally to the British Nation in their struggle for freedom. In finance, it is our duty to support every government loan and to save every penny that we possibly can, to stave off defeat and disaster. And today there is also the "Win-the-War" student. Even as students in Secondary School work let us put forth every effort into the battle and strive our hardest to gain every objective in the field of education. It is

the patriotic duty of every boy and girl in Canada today to obtain the best possible education so that in the future he will be fully prepared to face the great crisis of our Dominion. In teachers and equipment, Sarnia Collegiate has few equals and with these advantages, let us "Carry On" so that Sarnia Collegiate Institute students will not be slackers in the difficult times that lie in the unknown future of our Dominion.

This year, as in no previous year, there has been a demand for subscriptions to the various societies which are carrying on Red Cross and other necessary Patriotic work. Sarnia has done its bit in each campaign and we owe much of the success of these campaigns to our merchants. Despite these many calls for service, they have given freely and willingly to the advertising staff of the "Collegiate." Very few of our merchants refused to take advertising space, and as a consequence almost every Sarnia business man is listed among our supporters, and this year they are truly supporters, for without them this issue would be impossible. The Editorial Staff wishes to thank the merchants of the city for the way they have responded to the appeal. Moreover, we wish to pass on a word to our readers. We hope you have enjoyed this issue and are glad the "Collegiate" was not discontinued. Let your gratituude for this number be manifest to the merchants who have given us such excellent support, and in this fourth wartime Christmastide patronize our advertisers.

Few high school publications anywhere publish so large a list of heroes as is found in the Honour Roll of this issue. Since our last number, several of these gallant boys have been decorated for bravery and some have received promotion on the field. One ex-member of the Sarnia Collegiate staff has been raised to the office of Colonel and given the D. S. O., in the person of Lt. Col. L. E. Jones. Lieutenant Arthur Crawford has received the Military Cross with one bar, James MacKenzie, the Distinguished Conduct Medal, Charles Paul, the Military Service Medal, and Major Robert Thompson also the Military Cross, while Lyle Le Sueur has been promoted on the field to the office of Captain. Moreover, many students and ex-students have answered the call this last year, and are either overseas or in Canadian training camps at the present time. It is for these reasons that we are publishing the revised Honour Roll this year, which we hope is correct and complete. If it is not, the "Collegiate" staff trusts that any errors or omissions will be pointed out so that corrections can be made for future issues.

The students of last year who returned to the Sarnia Collegiate Institute in September missed one face from the ranks of the staff on opening day—Mr. Phillips was absent. During the holidays Mr. Phillips felt that there was need of him in the army and resigned his position on the staff to enlist. During his year as Junior English Instructor and Drill Master at the Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Mr. Phillips made a great many friends among both teachers and students, and we all missed his free smile and jovial humour. But, while we are sorry to lose such a genial and excellent teacher, we are proud today of our teachers in khaki and we wish Mr. Phillips and all our former masters overseas success in the army and a safe return "apres la guerre."

Mr. Phillips' place on the staff is being ably filled by Mr. Runnings. Our new teacher, reserved at first, is getting to know the school and is taking an active interest in school life. With Miss M. Campbell, he superintended the work of sending the boxes to the boys overseas, and has been instrumental in forming the Red Cross Society which will find a field of usefulness in the school. In athletics, Mr. Runnings is very enthusiastic. In the capacity of coach, he kept the football team on the move and a great deal of their success this year is due to his efforts. He is also interested in basket ball and will make an able instructor for the Cadets.

In this issue of our paper it might be well to say a word about school fraternity. During the last few years the boys of the S. C. I have had occasion to visit a great number of high schools in this part of the province. Our football team has captured the championship of Ontario once and been in the finals twice in the last three years. Last year there was no final game for the honours, but two years ago Sarnia met the University of Toronto Schools at Stratford, and this year the same school on the Woodstock College Campus. At Stratford, the boys were given a royal reception and in the evening a dance was given in the school in their honour. This year the Collegiate fourteen travelled to Woodstock College twice, and on both occasions the freedom of the whole college was given them. They used the training quarters of the Woodstock team, their showers and fine swimming tank. Besides, they were given an excellent dinner

in the school dining room. Nor is this cordial treatment confined to the football team alone. The debaters and the basket ball team were loud in their praises of the Strathroy boys as entertainers, and entertainment was also provided for the basket ball boys at Chatham.

At times, we wish our school was able to do more in return for these kindnesses, for here we can treat our visitors to neither the refreshment of a shower bath nor the entertainment of a dance, thanks to the Board of Education. However, we tried to give our visitors as good a time as possible while they remained in the city and the letter, which was received from Woodstock College after the team from that place visited here, showed that our efforts were not altogether in vain. This spirit of fraternity between schools should be fostered because it creates a mutual interest between schools which is beneficial to both. Friendly and clean sporting rivalry between collegiates is more desirable than the old battles when blood was shed as much on the side lines as on the field. We hope board, staff and students will cooperate in entertaining representatives of other schools who may be here this year.

. For three consecutive years, Sarnia Collegiate has captured all three of the Carter Scholarships for the County of Lambton. This fact should be a source of pride and enthusiasm to principal, staff and students of the school, as well as to the general public of the City of Sarnia. The awards for 1917 were as follows:

First Scholarship, value \$100-Miss Moyna Gibb.

Second Scholarship, value \$60—Sinclair Barber.

Third Scholarship, value \$40-Douglas Bell.

Miss Gibb also holds the 6th Edward Blake Scholarship in the University of Toronto. This is a much coveted honour. A Blake scholarship has been held only once by a Sarnia student in the last few years. Sinclair Barber was also fortunate enough to secure a scholarship in McMaster University. Sarnia Collegiate has a scholarship list of unprecedented length this year and we hope for even greater honours in the future.

General: "Is this rifle working now?"

Private: "No sir, it's discharged."

Graduates of Sarnia Collegiate

1917

The members of the famous Upper School of last year are engaged in various occupations this year. Of the eleven, five returned to school this fall to complete their course. These are Douglas Bell, Marie La Piere, Robert MacDougall, William Paterson and Olive Gardiner: Movna Gibb was the only S. C. I. student to enter university, the others seeking various occupations. Sinclair Barber and Cecil Watson are employed in the local post office, the former decorating the mail, the latter usually sleeping in a soft leather office chair. Of Edwin Storey's whereabouts, we are not altogether certain, but some one has it that he occupies a lucrative position at the Mueller Company's factory in the city. Gladys Causely is attending Normal School and Gertrude Graham is now at Stratford Collegiate.

Annie Jamieson, Hilda Fritz, Lieuellen Grace, Mary Mc-Geachy, Isabel McBean, Muir Garroch, George Leckie, Beaty Iennings, Stuart Henderson, Edward Ferguson, John Bell and Harold Fuller, are all occupying the Upper School benches this year. Two of their last year's classmates, Jessie Brown and Alvin Lucas are this year living the simple life on the farm. Normal School claimed its fair share of the Middle School graduates: Alma McLaren, Gladys Causely, Edna Thomas, Margaret Brown and Jennie Merrison being enrolled there. Cicero Elford is now the Reverend Herbert Elford. . Ardis Kennedy, Katherine Van Horne, Harold Knudson hold positions in local drug stores. Willard Gray is working at the Perfection Stove Works; Bessie Paton, Vera La Pointe and Nadine Bates are munition inspectors at the Sarnia Metal Products Company. Dorothy Richardson was also engaged here but some unknown fate has drawn Dorothy back to Middle II another year. Beulah Leitch and David Stokes are also in their usual seats in the matric. form. Gladys McRae is employed in an office in the city, while Edna Kent is with the Imperial Oil Company. Jean McNaughton is taking a course at Sarnia Business College; and Vida Jeffrey is a lady of leisure this year, resting after last summer's cramming.

The graduates from the Commercial Department this year were as follows: Misses Ash, Barge, Boyle, Fraser, French, Galbraith, Gammon, Horne, Kennedy, Morris, Taylor and George Bradt. These have all found positions, the majority in the city,

but several are seeking fame and fortune elsewhere.



THE PRIDE OF SANDY STEWART

(Olive Gardiner, Upper School)

The rays of the setting sun, slanting through the maple boughs, fell on the figure of old Sandy Stewart, softening the lines of his rugged face and iron-grey hair. As he re-read the letter in his hand, his mouth never once lost its accustomed harshness, and his blue eyes now gleamed coldly, now shone fiercely under the bushy brows.

The face was that of a hard man, a hard man, indeed, yet those of the older generation of MacLaurinsville, who remembered old Stewart before his wife, Janet, had died, and his only son, Donald, had married an actress, remembered him as a rather jovial Scotsman, "a wee bit savin' perhaps, but a guid mon."

Now, as he sat on the verandah of his cottage, he nodded grimly and muttered in his beard, "Aye, I thocht so, I thocht so. He got enough of it, and enlisted,—and now he "commends them to my good will,"—his wife and boy,—a noisy rascal, wi' a skittish mither,—two more mouths to feed,—Weel, it's better to hae them here, than in the city. Enough disgrace has befallen the house o' Stewart."

While old Sandy was pondering thus, on the disgrace of his family, a few miles away, on a hot, dusty express, sat a little sweet-faced mother and her son. The brown eyes of the mother, whose tired mouth drooped pathetically, brightened only when they rested on the happy, freckled face of the boy, for whom the novelty of train-riding had not yet worn off.

"Say, mother," and the blue eyes looked up inquiringly, "isn't it funny that we've never seen granfather? Bill Green has an awful nice grandad. He lets him tease the dog, and whiteles sticks for him, and everything."

"Neil, dear," his mother answered, "Your grandfather may

not be fond of little boys, but you must be nice to him anyway, won't you?"

"Oh, sure," said Neil, loyally. "He's my grandad, anyway. Oh, here's the station. Grab your coat, mother!"

Having received from the curious loafers at the station, the directions as to how to reach the house of Alexander Stewart, young Mrs. Stewart and Neil climbed the hill to the little house.

Old Sandy met them at the door.

"So ye're Donald's wife," he said gruffly, "and this is the bairn?"

"My name is Neil," said the boy, putting out his hand, very relieved that his grandfather made no attempt to kiss him.

"Come awa' in, and get a wee bite to eat," said Stewart testily.

So in they went, and, at the bareness of the cottage and the sorry welcome, a choking sensation arose in the mother's throat, but her heart went out in pity towards the old man, who, for thirty years, had had a place in his life for nothing except money.

After a frugal supper, Mrs. Stewart and Neil went to bed, leaving old Sandy smoking by the fire-place. As Donald's wife wearily climbed the narrow staircase, her heart grew heavier, and ,over and over, she asked herself how she could ever stand it even for Donald's sake. "Donald, Donald*" she cried, "He doesn't want us! But I'm going to make him love us. His heart has been hardened, but we're going to change it."

The morning after her arrival, Mrs. Stewart was up even before Sandy, and, although he grumbled at the cream on the porridge and the buttered toast, he ate more than usual. After breakfast, Neil was dispatched to school, less reluctant than usual, no doubt impelled by curiosity as to his new schoolmates.

And so many such days passed. At times, there were outbursts of temper on old Stewart's part, which Neil's mother endured with white face, saying nothing. Little he knew of her aching heart as she waited for a delayed letter, for Sandy had shown such a hasty anger at any mention of his son's name, that now, Mrs. Stewart withheld all news of him, whether good or bad.

In his youthful blindness, Neil did not notice either the brusqueness of his grandfather's manner towards his mother, or his harshness towards others. To the boy only, did the old man soften, and Neil had from the first liked his grandfather. To uphold his conviction on the subject, Neil had fought with

most of the boys of the village and later by reason of his friendly smile and generous good-nature, had won their friendship as well as respect.

One hot afternoon in September, Neil ran up the walk, breathless, his freckled face and red curls suspiciously wet for just having come from school. Behind him, tied with an enormous rope, tugged a little, bedraggled puppy. Neil's mother glanced nervously at old Sandy, who glowered at the innocent pup. Neil, however, nothing daunted, cried,

"Say, grandpa, ain't he grand? Got him at the swimming hole. He nearly drowned and me an' Mike swam for him. My goodness! Don't you like him?"

"Your grandfather is thinking of the expense, dear. You know, it takes quite an amount of money to feed a dog, nowadays."

"Feed him! Feed him!" repeated Neil, indignantly, "why we won't have to feed him. Can't you see—he's a rat-terrier! Look at his ears! Look at his tail!"—pointing to the shivering dog, whose stumpy tail, and sleek skin belied his alleged ratterrier ancestry. "And his name will be,—will be Bobby Burns," finished Neil triumphantly.

"Weel, weel, the lad may keep him. He canna' do aught else, the noo," said old Sandy with a twinkle in his eye. And so the matter was settled.

A few days later, Neil, with one black eye came running home from school, bursting with news, and followed by an equally excited Bobby Burns. The family had just sat down to tea, and, tossing his cap on a chair, Neil joined them hastily. "Say, grandpa," he burst out, "aren't you glad you're rich? Skinney—I mean Miss Skinner was telling us about Vict'ry Bonds, you know, they win the war,—and Pete Perkins said you hadn't—"

"Neil, eat your supper," 'commanded his mother.

"Yes, mother, but mind you, Pete, he said grandad hadn't bought any War Bonds, and I said I guessed he'd bought a thousand or so, and Pete says he heard his paw saying that grandpa was the only one in town who hadn't bought any, and I knew he was fibbing so I lit right into him, and that's why my eye is black; Grandpa, you just tell me how many you have, and then I'll soon fix them in the morning, if they say anything."

During this breathless tirade, Mrs. Stewart had left the

room, and old Sandy's face had fallen. No longer was it the face of a hard man, but of one unspeakably humiliated.

"Neil," he said, and his harsh voice broke as it became gentle, "Neil, come here lad." And Neil, puzzled, obeyed. "Listen, lad, years ago, I thocht disgrace had befallen the house o' Stewart, and, in my hurt pride, I became a hard man. Now, deep disgrace has come to my name, and it's all o' my ain doin'. I have na' bought ony war bonds. In my obstinacy, I hated to spend my money to help anyone, even my country. Oh, laddie, and you fought for me! Weel, I'll dae what I can the noo. It's the least I can dae—We'll gang awa' doon toon ,and buy some bonds. A thousand was it ye told yon Perkins boy? Aye, a thousand it'll be then!"

"HIS SACRIFICE"

(Beulah J. Leitch, Middle II)

"M-m, that smells good."

"Betty will you run to the cellar and get those cranberries. I forgot to boil them yesterday."

"Poor mother! She has so many things to remember. Seems as if we leave everything for you to do, Mumsy."

"Run along, dear child, else there will be no dinner ready for brother Baron."

"Merry Christmas, everybody," said Father's cheery voice, as he came in, covered with snow.

"Oh, father, do answer that door while I look at this plumpudding."

"Sure, mother."

As father opened the door a nonchalant, "Morning Sir, sign here," greeted him. A yellow envelope was handed him, the book signed, and the door closed. As he tore the envelope open, mother, sister Betty and little brother Billee gathered around to read the news.

"Am staying here today. Try to make night train. Merry Xmas." Baron.

See the change which suddenly came over the little family group! Father folded the telegram and meditatively placed it in his pocket. Mother's eyes fell on Billee who was asking in wide-eyed astonishment why Baron could not come home so Santa could come. (His mother had told him before that Santa could not bring his presents until brother came home). Betty's long,

dark lashes drooped to hide the tears which were fast filling her big, brown eyes.

It was the first Xmas the family had ever spent with one member missing. Baron had enlisted in the army several weeks previously, and realizing that this would be his last Christmas among them, at least for a few years, they had planned to make this day memorable in the life of each. Not the least event was to be the Xmas dinner, though it was to be by no means elaborate. It was the spirit of the day, which mother wished to be remembered. In the afternoon father was going to take them for a sleigh-ride in the bracing winter air. On their return, they would have lunch, and then gather around the fire-place and talk of the hopes and ambitions of each, and all the other things which bind the members of a family, inseparably.

But, at eleven o'clock on the Xmas morning, half an hour before Baron was due to arrive, their plans were frustrated. We all know the feeling which a slight disappointment brings to us, and can imagine the distress that that bit of yellow paper caused.

For no trivial reason had the absent son disappointed his home folk. That morning, as he ran lightly down the barracks steps, his mind was full of the happy anticipation of the homegoing and the hour that must clapse before his train left seemed interminable. At the corner he met a tall, splendidly built man in plain civilian clothes. Baron smiled as he approached, partly from pleasure at seeing an old friend, but mostly from pure exuberance of spirit. As they stopped to exchange Xmas greetings and have a little chat, even a casual observer would have been impressed by the contrast in the two faces. On both, was an expression which would scarcely have been seen on the faces of young men of their age four years before,—the expression of those who have heard the call of duty and, fully realizing all that it demanded of them, had made the great resolve. But on the face of the civilian there was a grave look of responsibility in strange contrast to the care-free expression of the soldier.

"Merry Xmas, Alf. How goes the munition business?"

"Fairly well, Baron. Going home today?"

"Yes, but don't try to put me off that way. There's something on your mind. What is it, Alf? Come, let's walk down here. I have an hour to spend before train time."

"You're a good sport, Baron. I am a trifle worried today. One of the boys at the plant burned his foot this morning. He was carrying a crucible of hot brass and dropped it right on his foot. Poor chap, it's hard luck."

"Yes, it is, but he'll get better, why do you worry so?"

"That's not the least part of my trouble. I have not another man to take his place today. Have lots tomorrow, but simply can't run the plant unless someone does that work and there is no one I can think of to whom I would entrust the responsibility."

Baron's mind worked quickly during the next few minutes. Had he not worked in a brass foundry before enlisting at exactly that kind of work? Why should he not take the man's place? Of course, he would! But just as he was about to tell Alf., another thought flashed through his mind. What of the expected trip home, mother's roast turkey and all the rest? Could he miss them? No! But then, what had Alfred Standish said, "I have not another man to take his place today. Have lots tomorrow— * * *" He could go home on the night train and, not only Standish, but Britain, was calling for his sacrifice.

"Alf, I'll go!"

Standish grasped the other's hand and instantly, the worried look was gone.

"Will you?" But a cloud came over it again. "No, I can't let you, Baron. That's accepting too much. I know, how for weeks, you have been living for this day to come."

"But I'm going. Come back to the barracks with me while I send a telegram to Dad."

After the telegram had been dispatched and the men were on their way to the munition factory, Standish said, "You know it's really a pity that that chap should be hurt. He's the only son at home with a widowed mother. Three brothers are fighting in France and one has already made the supreme sacrifice. He is only a lad yet, but when his brothers went away, he insisted on leaving school, saying that, if he was too young to go to the front, he would do his part as directly as he could. He came to me and asked to be put at any kind of munition work, and I have never known a boy to work more faithfully than he has. That's why I say I am sorry this has happened."

Before Baron could reply, they arrived at the office. All day he worked untiringly. Often his thoughts turned to home, but, not once, did he regret the step he had taken. He knew he was doing his duty.

Before his train left that evening, he walked with Standish to the home of the boy who had been burned. A plainly dressed, motherly woman met them and took them to Edford's room.

His foot was considerably easier and he lay quietly on the

bed. He was, as Standish had said, a mere boy. His fair hair curled about his temples. His face was pale except for the bright red spots which glowed on either cheek, brought there by the keen pain he had borne all day.

When they had talked to him for a few minutes, Edford, himself, turned the conversation to the war. He talked of the time when he would be old enough to join his brothers to fight for the king, and it was the only subject which would cause him to become animated.

But train time was drawing near and they were soon forced to leave this youthful enthusiast. On reaching the station, but a moment remained for farewell greetings. As Baron leaped lightly to the coach steps, Standish caught his outstretched hand and, with a hurried, "Thanks, old chap," the train started, and the hands parted.

As the old grandfather's clock in the hall struck eleven, Baron ran up the stone steps of his home. The family sprang to meet him, and the little disappointment of the day was forgotten in the joy of having Baron home again. As they entered the big living room, Betty was just about to turn on the light when Baron said, "Don't turn it on, Sis. Let's just sit here before the fire. It's a fine one. Thanks to Dad, I suppose," with a smile, for which he received a loving look.

When they were seated cosily around the fire, Billee in Baron's arms, Betty setting on the arm of his chair and Mother and Father close by, Baron began an account of his Xmas. Then he told them of his visit to Edford's home. "I was surprised to hear the boy talk of enlisting because I thought he had a perfect right to stay at home with his mother when three boys were already serving and one had gone to join his father. I asked the Mother what she thought, and with a sweet, calm smile, she said, "Yes, I would willingly let him go for Canada must be saved at any cost." Then I realized as never before what a mother's sacrifice is. Oh, how ashamed of myself I was to think that I had hesifated to sacrifice my Xmas dinner for my country, when this woman was giving five sons without a murmur."

The Father rose and, shaking the boy's hand, said, "Yes, my son, you have made a sacrifice today which, though it may seem small, will assist you to make the next one more easily, and some day if necessary you will be able to make a sacrifice perhaps as great as the noble Canadian mother."

PIONEER LIFE ON LAKE HURON

(Winsome Pendergast, Middle I)

In the market-place of the quaint old Scotch town of Glen Orrin, a large crowd had gathered one afternoon in early December, 1826. Unmindful of the deepening twilight and occasional flurries of snow, they had been listening attentively to the words of the distinguished-looking stranger, who was standing in the center of the square. He was a rather heavily-built man of about middle age, with the erect bearing which indicated military training.

For the last two hours, he had been holding them spell bound with tales of that comparatively undiscovered country across the sea, America. He told them of its great lakes, like inland seas, and their connecting rivers, of its fertile soil and immense virgin forests. He spoke of the hardy pioneer settlements, flourishing along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and farther west, and of the advantages to be gained, by immigrating as a unit, and forming a community settlement, in which responsibilities and privileges, expenditures and profits would be equally shared.

After he had finished speaking, and the crowd had been dispersed, the more adventurous spirits assembled to contrast the fertilities of this distant land with their own small, barren farms, and to discuss the feasibility of a settlement, in which each man worked for the good of all, instead of for his own individual gain. Gradually the plan came to seem more and more possible, and they were soon drawn into a discussion of ways and means. Before they separated, they resolved to see Captain Jones the following day and get more definite information.

The man whose enthusiastic description had already won the interest of his audience and who was destined to win their co-operation, was a retired naval officer. His was a face to inspire confidence, his clean cut features and quick decisive actions, with his friendly manner, gave evidence of unusual strength of character. Though outwardly a man of affairs, Captain Jones was at heart an idealist.

Having studied the theories of Robert Owen, a Welsh socialist who had been very popular in England, he had resolved to establish a Utopia in Canada. With this purpose in mind, he had crossed the ocean, and through marriage connections with Sir John Colborne, he had been able to obtain a grant of land, where he intended to work out his plans for the betterment of the conditions of his fellow men. And now the moment of realization had come. As the morning's consultation served only to strengthen their determination to embark upon their new venture, preparations were straightway made to leave the home of their fathers. Having packed their household goods and said farewell to their neighbors, they went to Inverness, intending to set sail early in the new year. Owing to the impossibility of obtaining transportations during the winter, they were obliged to spend several months, homeless and alone in a strange city. However, with spring and the arrival at the old city of Edinborough, their enthusiasm was rekindled and they hopefully turned their thoughts to the new land, which was to be their future home.

The voyage was a long and tempestuous one, but at last they dimly discerned a low-lying shore, which, as they drew nearer, resolved itself into hills and valleys, forests, fields and villages. A feeling of awe, and vague longing for all that they had left behind combined with their hopes and expectations to make the little band strangely silent and subdued, and instinctively, they turned to the captain as the father of the expedition. As he looked into those faces, turned so expectantly toward him, he was assailed by many misgivings as to his ability to lead them.

It was with great reluctance that they bade farewell to the little settlements along the Hudson, and entered the primeval forests, but with true Scotch persistence, having put their hands to the plough, they would not turn back. Then followed the diffcult passage across New York State, to the newly opened Erie Canal. From here the trip was made by sail boats and portages. Night after night, they drew the boats up on the shore, beside some sheltering trees, and there built their camp fire. After the evening meal of freshly caught fish or venison, they would gather an immense pile of driftwood for their night fire, and then roll up in their blankets, to sleep dreamlessly till dawn.

One night, as they gathered around their cheery blaze, Captain Jones excitedly announced that, if he had read the land marks correctly with fair wind and weather, they would reach their destination by nightfall the following day.

Inspired by their leader's enthusiasm, and urged on by their own desire to reach their goal, they were up betimes and shortly after sunrise, they were well on their way. All day they sailed steadily on, stopping only for a hasty lunch at noon. In the middle of the afternoon, the captain joyfully pointed out the little village of Fort Gratiot, just where the St. Clair flows out of Lake Huron. As the grant of land which Captain Jones had obtained from the government lay on the lake shore, about ten

miles north of the source of the St. Clair, they knew that when they had left the river behind them, they were very near home.

It was no ruggedly picturesque view which burst suddenly upon them as they journeyed slowly along the shore, but a fair and beautiful panorama, which unfolded steadily before their eyes. Silence fell upon the little group as they looked at the shining strip of white sand, at the forest which came almost to the water's edge, and then out over the broad expanse of water, across which the slanting rays of the sun were falling. In the stillness they heard the lapping of the waves on the beach, and the twilight chirping of the birds.

Not, however, upon the beauties of the landscape, but upon the faces of his people, were the eyes of the captain fixed. A great feeling of thanksgiving filled his heart; thankfulness that the long and hazardous journey was completed in safety, and that there had been no discord nor discontent.

There was little exploration done that night, for they were all contented to roll up in their blankets, in the dreamless sleep that follows physical exhaustion, as they had done on previous nights. Early next morning, the camp was astir, making plans for the new home, upon which they agreed to start immediately.

First of course, the trees had to be cut down, and this in itself was no light task, but their anxiety to have once more a permanent home of their own spurred them on, and despite the aching backs and blistered hands, they toiled valiantly until a large space was cleared.

The house, when it was finally completed, was a rambling, one story log building. Around the great central living room, were the private apartments of each family, but in the kitchen, the women all worked together. Not far from the house, were the school house and the little store, from which all the provisions were obtained.

By a great deal of hard labor, fifty of the ten thousand acres, which Captain Jones had been granted, were put under cultivation the first year. For clearing the land, Indian ponies, attached to heavy carts, were used, and the harness itself was so heavy that it alone would have been a sufficient load for any horse.

The enclosing of their fields was an exceedingly difficult task for the men, and in this, Captain Jones could not lead them. The men were absolutely ignorant of the simple art of making the Virginia snake fence, then commonly in use, and their work was so elaborately and carefully done that a hard day's work by all of the men resulted in but a few rods of fence.

Until their first harvest, their food consisted of game-ducks found around Lake Wawanosh, a large body of water about six feet deep, whose marshy ground and weedy banks, made it an ideal breeding place for them. There were many fish in the outlet stream of the lake to the Riviere Aux Perches, and berries were everywhere.

Thus they lived for two years, in the little settlement, which Jones had named "The Toon O' Maxwell." But the plan was too socialistic for practical use, for, while the theory was excellent, some of the members of the community were sure to be more industrious than others, the gains were always the same for each. Soon Captain Jones discerned a growing discontent among his people, which he could not stamp out. The more enterprising realized that for a very slight expenditure, they could buy farms of their own, in which the profits would not be divided, and one by one, they left the settlement.

Then came the great disaster. In 1830, the community house was totally destroyed by fire, and Mr. Jones was obliged to stand helplessly by, and watch the result of his three years' labour swept away in a single night. Discouraged, but not altogether cast down, he went bravely to work to build two more houses, but these were smaller than the original and on a much less elaborate scale.

Gradually, the other families left him, and at last he was left with his family, alone on that immense estate. Not until then would he acknowledge defeat. Voluntarily he relinquished ninetenths of his land, and then settled down, heart-broken at the conclusion of a venture which at first had seemed so full of promise.

In spite of the fact that, to the casual observer, the unsuccessful ending of his attempt to establish a Utopian community was simply the outcome of the theories of an impractical dream, to the discerning eye, his failure was in appearance only. Though the plan failed the expedition did not, and it is to his heroic perseverance, that we owe the settlement of Sterling Scotch Worth, which still flourishes along the shores of Lake Huron.

A "WIN THE WAR" STORY

(Mary McGeachy, Upper School)

Four Corners was awakening. True, there was as yet little outward evidence of any change, and a visitor to the sleepy little town would have pronounced it insufferably "dead." The

drowsy hum of bees in the sun suggested not the activity of workers, but the indolence of drones; the songs of birds were noticeable only by the contrast to the quiet about them; the women in the small side streets gossiped in low tones over their fences regardless of untidy houses; empty stillness, broken only by the passing of an occasional shopper. Nevertheless Four Corners was awakening.

The first indication of the revival appeared in the office of the station master. That worthy unlocked his office door in the morning fully fifteen minutes before the usual hour, and frowned significantly at the clock when his assistant arrived two minutes later.

"You are late this morning, sir. See that you are more prompt in the future."

The clerk stared, literally open-mouthed, as he realized the full importance of the astounding words of his hitherto easy-going master; and unable to deduce the reason for this recently—developed business-like mood, could only assent with a meek, "Very well, sir." There were many similar surprises for him throughout the day, and, before he was aware of it, he was himself exhibiting a new and like spirit of animation.

And so it spread. The editor of the local newspaper, after a short genial chat with his friend, the station agent, decided that his production was not lively enough for the town, and spent more than one quarter in ten-word telegrams in search of news.

The result was startling to every citizen of the town, who settled down quietly that night to read the usual dull local topics presented in the newspaper. In large tpye across the front page appeared the words; "United States on the Verge of War" and an editorial below explained how an official "special" telegram had announced that relations between Germany and the United States were becoming strained, and that "our president had almost decided to lay down the pen in favour of the sword."

Now, indeed, might your casual visitor begin to seriously consider the advisability of retracting his hasty accusation that Four Corners was dead. The gossips, not content with the ordinary back-fence confabs, formed excited war councils in the streets; and the idlers in front of Four Corners general store discussed the latest developments, with an interest which prevented the laziest of them from tipping back his chair and dozing in the sun. From the little red-bick schoolhouse the peals of the summoning bell fell on the unheeding ears of newly-created gen-

erals, who were wholly absorbed in leading their gallant but panic-stricken armies against a foe.

By the next day, the general excitement had become so great that a knot of men lingered at the station to obtain tiding of further developments, from the only telegraphic instrument in the town. Late in the afternoon definite news was received, and the whole town rejoiced to learn of the entry of their country into the war. The Stars and Stripes was hoisted over the Town Hall amid excited shouts from men as well as small boys. The daily paper paid glowing tribute to the action of the country, in upholding the cause of freedom and right.

The enthusiasm exhibited everywhere was not mere empty show. A recruiting officer, who visited the town a week afterward, was agreeably astonished by the ardently patriotic spirit of the residents. The station master's clerk was the first recruit, and his staff was busily employed for several weeks enrolling the applicants.

When the Liberty Loan was introduced, Four Corners bank found its business increasing from the sale of bonds. The small children saved their pennies; the girls in business positions banked their surplus earnings; the business men invested their profits in Liberty bonds and the housewives economized in their own homes, all for the good of the young men who made the greatest sacrifice in giving their all to the colours.

Everything that had been merely a topic of conversation previous to the coming of the recruiting officer had now become a vital issue in their own lives, although the women still met to discuss the latest war news, their knitting needles flew faster than their tongues; and the indolent youths who used to lounge around the streets were hardly recognizable in the natty uniforms as they conscientiously marked time and formed fours in the market square.

Truly, Four Corners was awake.

Since June last three students, all of the Lower School have passed away.

In Memory of BEULAH DIER IRENE GARDINER DENNIS DEEGAN

Old Boys' News

The following are a few interesting facts about some of our ex-students overseas, and excerpts from a number of their letters:

ROSS GRAY

"I must tell you how we transformed a bare barn-like billet into a comfortable home. For a week we slept on the ground but it was cold and damp without straw, so we went to work and by means of a series of raids we secured enough timber to build beds. These consist of scantling with wire stretched across and then covered with canvas, thus making most comfortable sleeping places.

"All the center of the room was left vacant and here we now have chairs and a table. But what we still needed was a stove. We could not get one and the last few days we have nearly frozen as it has been cold and wet. So we decided to try and make a brick fireplace and although we had only mud for mortar and none of us had ever laid bricks before, we have a fine big fireplace tonight. The hut is as warm as toast and at present we have a big kettle of cocoa about ready to serve."

ALBERT ELLIS IS A MACHINE GUNNER IN THE 13th Bn. C. E. F.

"Just now I am in an old wine cellar of a French house that has been mostly blown to pieces. It is about 12 feet long, 10 feet wide and 5 feet high. We have three bunks in it, two of them for two men each and the other for one man. They are not what you would call a bunk, but they sure are a luxury to us. Mine is an old piece of corrugated iron and the other is a door resting on a couple of wooden blocks. Besides the bunks we have an old stove rigged up and plenty of fuel as there are coal fields all around the place. I guess this sounds a little different than you thought it was over in the trenches but it is the best place we have struck yet. The Germans are only a few hundred yards away, not half as far as I would like to see them and every day we get our iron rations of shells which are not any too pleasant at times.

"Every Sunday when it is possible they parade the battalion to church. We hold the service on an open field or else in a Y. M. C. A. tent or hut. It certainly is a credit to our chaplain. The

conditions they work under and results they achieve from the men are wonderful. The men, including myself often get so lonely we don't know what to do and often it is a great temptation to forget all about civilization but the chaplain and Y. M. C. A. workers help out very much in making life enjoyable."

ALEX. ROSE DESCRIBES THE BATTLEFIELD

"We certainly can send over the shells from where we are now and if you could only see how the ground is cut up you could understand the conditions we are fighting under. I could easily start a hardware store if I was to gather the relics on the battlefield, in shovels, pikes, tons of barbwire and other discarded equipment. I saw Hec. Cowan the other day and he looks fine."

ALBERT BENTLEY, CAPTAIN IN THE ARTILLERY

"We have been very busy lately working under very hard conditions—in fact the worst I've seen in nearly two years out here. If you can imagine a clay muskeg you will realize the ground upon which operations are being carried out at present. Of course all tracts for traffic and communication are only made after great expense of labour and material and then they are so obvious that they draw consistent hostile fire and are rather unhealthy. Once you get off these tracts you are lost. Horses bolt from shell fire and get hopelessly mired. It is impossible to get to them to drag them out and they slowly sink and disappear in the mud. Getting guns into action under these conditions does not leave much spare time for writing letters. The ground is so flat that we are in view of the enemy. Consequently unless it is a foggy day all work has to be done at night. Altogether it is a bad place but I think the Boche find it about ten times worse thán we do.

"Just now I am so full up of mud and more mud that it is rather hard to see beyond my present surroundings. One knows nothing of the war except the few hundred yards of front which we cover and that takes most of our time keeping it up as we are supposed to know everything about it."

WILFRED HANEY

Has been located for the three summer months, at the one time fashionable summer resort of Bexhill-on-the-Sea, Sussex.

Here Sergeant Haney was employed as a drill instructor. He was at first attached to the Boys' Brigade and his squad won the company championship, and the battalion cup on inspection. Later he was transferred to the Canadian Officers' Training Depot, where he won for himself the reputation of being the finest instructor in camp. At present Sergeant Haney is attached to the Flying Corps at Bramshott Camp. In the same camp is Lieut. B. L. Cook, a former Collegiate master in Wilfred's time. Both are hoping that they may be joined to the same post of the service, and that their old friendship may be continued. Wilfred has won rapid promotion since his enlistment, and we wish him continued success in the Flying Corps.

HECTOR COWAN

Is with the 43rd battery in France. In the following letter he tells of his experience in Paris:

"Well, I have been in Paris for nearly a week now and this is the first time that I have been in the mood to write letters. I have just had a good dinner and feel great. It is so nice to be back in the land of table napkins and ishes again and I really hate the thought of going back to the front. Mike Gleason and I have been together ever since we have come down, and he is a dandy chap. He used to work in Ingersoll's drug store. He is a quiet sort of a fellow and just the kind to be here with because Paris is a lively place and if I had some wild lunatic instead, I would have to be bringing him home all the time.

"Paris itself is a very pretty city and just at this season I guess, it looks its best We have been all over the place and have seen most of the interesting sights, including the Louvre, Seine, Paris Opera, the Sorbonne, Pantheon, Eiffel Tower and all the parks. The Y. M. C. A. had a party out to see the old Royal palaces of the former kings of France. It is known as the palace of Versailles and is the most gorgeous place that I ever hope to be in. The rooms are simply wonderful, all done in gold, ivory, etc., all the floors are inlaid, with either marble or hardwood and some of the carpets are supposed to be worth million; of francs. The chapel of the Royal family cost over ten million francs and it shows it; and the dancing rooms and the bed-chambers are the same. Everything is of the best and the paintings and the sculpture work is the best the world can produce. I little wonder that the French people overthrew their royalty. I don't know if our king spends money so lavishly but

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Is continuing

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In spite of the War

¶ New professors, unexcelled in their departments, are being added each year.

¶ The new site of 200 acres is unequaled by any university in Eastern Canada.

¶ The Government grant is increasing each year, from \$25,000 to \$60,000 in three years—making the total present revenue about \$100,000.

¶ The library appropriations have been quadrupled and the laboratories greatly extended.

Most of the great influential positions of the country are held by university-trained people. The calls for these positions are greater than ever before. It is an increasing handicap not to have the "higher education."

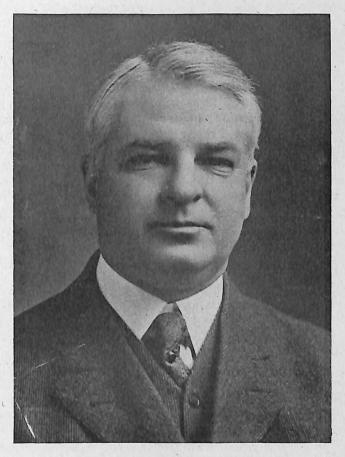
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if he does it is time it should stop. That palace opened my eyes, as to just how much money can be spent on luxuries alone. The park of the palace is just as beautiful as the palace itself. The woods, the lakes and the fountains are grand. The drive out to the palace is about 15 miles, and is supposed to be the royal highway from Paris to Versailles. It is very pretty and as we had a carriage we got the full benefit of the place. Sometimes we would get off to walk so as to give the horses a rest. At noon we stoped for dinner at a quaint tavern and of course it was a sight to us. The other day we were out to Notre Dame cathedral, and it is a wonderful place, but I have seen lots of cathedrals that were better. We are going out to see the church of the Sacred Heart tomorrow and from its towers we will be able to see all over Paris. It is too bad that we can't go up the Eiffel tower, but it is being used by the army and is closed to everybody else. We were out to see the large stores of the city and they are gorgeous. I thought Eatons of Toronto was a great place but it is nothing compared to the Printemps or the Louvre stores. The domes of these stores are nearly as pretty as the domes of the cathedrals. It seems to be their sole ambition to make everything as beautiful as they possibly can.

"I had my picture taken a few days ago. One of the ladies at the Soldiers' Club of ours, recommended the photographer and I guess he was good. I guess he is the best in Paris. When we went into the studio, he was working on King Albert's picture and Lloyd George's so Mike and I thought it was no place for us, and started to beat it, but he called us back and took them for a very reasonable price, too.

"The people of Paris are all very good to the Colonial troops and if we could only speak French we would have a great time. As it is I prefer it to London, the city itself is far prettier and the people treat you better here. We have seen a lot of shows. etc., and they are very good, but every time I get in them I can't help but think of the poor fellows on the line, carrying on with their work. Here it hardly seems possible that there is a war on at all. The people don't seem to take any notice of it, but I guess they do all the same. I have seen a lot of Americans and they seem to be pretty anxious to get to the front "to end the war." They will soon change their minds about that as soon as Fritz finds out that they are in the line. I don't want to be within twenty miles of them when Fritz finds out that they have arrived, because believe me they will get some reception.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year the girls of the school, tired of seeing the boys monopolize athletics decided to carry equal rights for woman one step further and establish another revolutionary principle, equality in athletics. Acordingly, early in the term, they held an enthusiastic meeting at which an organization was formed known as the Girls' Athletic Association. So far their activities have been limited to tennis and basket ball and the two splendid tournaments which have already been held are proof of their ability to organize these sports. Later on in the year, they hope to play hockey as well.

When the organization was formed many prophesied that sooner or later the boys' and girls' societies would clash. But no clash has ever occurred and this spirit of co-operation between the two associations was the main factor in staging the most successful track meet which the S. C. I. has held in many years. The officers of the G. A. A. are as follows:

President—Beulah Leitch.

Vice-President—Olive Gardiner.

Secretary—Pauline Wadsworth.

Treasurer—Lieuellen Grace.

Representatives—Hilda Fritz, Annie Jamieson, Helen Mc-Kim, Pauline Powell, Margaret Clark, Mary Clark, Kathleen Hitchcock, Norma Mavity, Dorothy Seager, Bernice Knowles, Helen Wilkinson, Helen Brown, Helen Simpson.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of the year the boys got together and prepared for a banner year in sport. As nearly all the officers of the athletic association of the preceding year were still in the school, the 1916-17 executive with few exceptions was reelected. President—William Paterson. Vice-President—Beaty Jennings. Secretary—Edward Ferguson. Treasurer—Robert MacDougall.

Representatives

Upper School—Stuart Henderson. Middle II—J. Paterson. Middle I—Edward Cook. Lower School—Basil LeBel.

ELECTIONS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The meeting of students to nominate members of the "Lit" executive was held earlier than usual this year, but after that point the enthusiasm dropped to almost zero. The students seemed to have left their initiative at home, and as a result all the higher offices and many of the form representatives as well went by acclamation. When the election took place on Thursday. September 13th, the completed executive stood as follows:

Honorary President-Ft. Lieut. B. Leslie Cook.

President—Robert MacDougall. Vice-President—Hilda Fritz.

Secretary—David Stokes.

Treasurer-William Paterson.

Representatives

U. S.—B. Jennings, L. Grace.

M. 2.—L. Smith, L. Fuller.

M. 1.-E. Beresford, H. Saurwein.

L. 3.—K. McGibbon, H. Gurd.

L. 2.—A. Overholt, J. Marsden.

L. I.—R. Hayes, J. Conn.

Sr. Com.—H. McIntosh, V. Murphy.

Jr. Com.-F. Wise, H. Simpson.

S. C. I. CADET CORPS

Although the activities of the corps do not start until spring, the cadets have already organized for the ensuing year. So numerous is the membership this year that many new tunics will have to be ordered to supply the demand. The bugle band under the able leadership of Band Sergeant Edward Ferguson is hold-

ing weekly rehearsals and promises to supply the same excellent brand of music that they provided last year. Mr. Runnings, our popular and efficient instructor, has a comprehensive plan in view to widen the scope of the corps' activities and increase its membership, which will require some alterations in its present organization. But until this plan matures, the following officers will stand:

Company Commander—Stuart Henderson.

Right Half Company Commander—Arthur James.

Left Half Company Commander—J. Paterson.

Quartermaster-John Palmer.

Colour Sergeant—Lyle Smith.

No. 1 Section Commander—Douglas Bell.

No. 2 Section Commander—Kenneth Fiddes.

No. 3 Section Commander—Beaty Jennings.

No. 4 Section Commander—Robert MacDougall.

Band Sergeant-Edward Ferguson.

MEETINGS OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

This year the feature of the opening meeting of the Literary Society, held on September 25th; was an address by Lieut. Arthur Crawford. Lieut. Crawford, who graduated from the Collegiate only a few years ago has had two years in the first line trenches in France, and in his address he gave a graphic account of his experiences there. Douglas Bell moved a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker and the applause showed that the address was much appreciated. The new officers also delivered speeches, and Margaret Deans and Ed. McCobb provided two excellent musical numbers. This meeting gave the Literary Society a flying start for the year.

On October 23rd the second meeting of the Literary Society was held. This was the Middle I meeting and it deserves a great deal of praise. It was a meeting of surprises; First, D. Bell moved that the piano be tuned, and then Burton Phippen delivered a critic's report that was a masterful oration. Surprise No. 3 was the Middle I chorus under the leadership of Ed. McCobb. The lusty voices of the Middle I boys blended in perfect discord with the piano and rose in—no it was not the misery but it sounded like one—It was only a new yell. Anna Gabler and Isabel Lucas played a piano duet followed by a reading by Miss Margaret King. William Mitchell then related in a very pathetic manner, the perils of a voyage on the Atlantic. Ed. McCobb and Ed.

Beresford sang a duet followed by a reading by Margaret Deans. Ted Kinsman spoke on the "Training of the Aviator" and his address was very interesting. This was followed by a cornet solo by E. Beresford and a reading by H. Saurwein. Eugene Slater spoke briefly on the "History of the House of Hapsburg." Ed. McCobb sang one of his comic songs and a Valedictory poem by Park Jamieson closed this fine entertainment.

The third meeting of the "Lit" was held on the 6th of November. Isabel McBean read a critic's report that lived up to its title and was a real criticism. Lower I orchestra then made their initial performance and showed that the musical talent of the Collegiate was not vet exhausted. An excellent debate took place between Upper School and Middle II. The subject was one of national interest, "Resolved, That it would be in the best interest of the Dominion of Canada for the Government to own and operate the railroads of this country." As Rev. Mr. McKay aptly put it "if the House could have only heard the debate they would have adopted the resolution immediately, without further argument." The affirmative was upheld by Arthur James, Beulah Leitch and David Stokes, the negative by Douglas Bell, Hilda Fritz and Stuart Henderson. Mr. Overholt, Mr. Runnings and Rev. Mr. McKay acted as judges. In the course of the meeting Rev. John Morrison presented the S. O. S. badges to a number of the students who spent their holidays on the farm. Miss Mary Clark rendered a piano solo after which the meeting was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The Literary met again on November 22nd, and this time the Lower School was responsible for the program. E. Turnbull supplemented Kinsman's address on Aviation by a splendid illustrated talk on "Aviation on Active Service." There were several musical numbers and very good recitations by Anna Mitton and Robert Nelson. The meeting was short owing to the final practice of the football team before the U. T. S. game.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

On Monday evening, February the 12th the annual oratorical Contest for the Pardee Gold Medal and the Literary Society, Silver Medal was held in the Assembly Hall. The meeting was well attended and several interesting speeches and recitations were delivered. Robert McDougall in an excellent speech on "CANADA" received the Gold Medal and Harold Fuller's speech on "BIG BLUNDERS" gained the Silver Medal

for him. Gwendolyn Lapham, Edward Ferguson, David Stokes and Robert Nelson also spoke and their speeches were much

above the average.

Our worthy janitor Mr. "Davy" Corcoran offered a five dollar gold piece for the best recitation. Miss Margaret Johnston was the winner of this prize in a recitation on "Canada." Miss Rose Jordan, Robert Nelson, Parke Jameison and Keith Watson rendered recitations in good style and the judges, Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Conn, and Mr. Turnbull had difficulty in deciding the winners. The meeting was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

The scholarships, prizes and medals to be awarded at the commencement exercises on the evening of December 20th are as follows:

Upper School; Carter Scholarships:

First Carter (value \$100)—Moyna Gibb.

Second Carter (value \$60)—Sinclair Barber.

Third Carter (value \$40)—Douglas Bell.

Sixth Edward Blake General Proficiency Scholarship, University of Toronto:

To the value of \$155—Moyna Gibb.

Middle School Prizes:

The Dr. Wilkinson prize of \$10 for Pass Matriculation and Normal Entrance—Annie Jamieson.

The Dr. Wilkinson prize of \$5 for Normal Entrance—Hilda Fritz.

The Dr. Bell prize of \$10 for Classics and General Proficiency—Mina Knowles.

Lower School Prizes:

The following prizes are donated by Hon. W. J. Hanna:

First year, General Proficiency: —

First prize (\$10)—Miles Gordon.

Second prize (\$5)—Helen Gurd.

Second Year, Lower School Examination for Normal Entrance—(\$10)—Beatrice Wilson.

The General Proficiency prizes in Commercial work given by Mr. Geo. Samis were awarded as follows:

Junior Commercial (\$5)—Lela Miller.

Senior Commercial (\$5)—Leila Fraser. Other prizes and medals:

Oratory:

Pardee Gold Medal, the gift of Mr. Pardee, M. P.—Robert McDougall.

The Literary Society Silver Medal—Harold Fuller.

Elocution:

Prize of five dollars offered by Mr. D. Corcoran—Margaret Johnston.

Three prizes for the best writers in the school offered by Mr. Robert Kerr were awarded as follows:

First prize (\$5)—Francis Young. Second prize \$3)—Doris Taylor. Third prize (\$2)—Monica Bedard.

Medals for Sports Day:

Senior Boys—Stuart Henderson. Junior Boys—Russell McAllister. Senior Girls—Lillian Fuller. Junior Girls—Christine Dawson.

AT HOME

"Where there is a will there is a way." This was the motto of the Lit. Executive last spring and they carried it out word for word. For the last six years the powers that be, in short the Board of Education, have opposed an "At Home" with dancing. Every year we had presented our humble petition to that august body but it was always the same answer, "No, NOT if there is to be any dancing."

This year, however, Douglas Bell and Robert McDougall had the courage to attend a meeting of the board and for nearly an hour harangued the venerable gentlemen. Yeas and nays were called for and our brightest hopes fled into oblivion. What was the answer? Just that hackneyed expression. "No, not if there is to be dancing."

When the message reached our institution the halls and corridors rang with expostulations. The entire school was aroused to action—and the Riot Act was read many times. A meeting of the Literary Executive was called and a plan was adopted. A petition of all those who would attend the dance was circulated amongst our comrades and while it was being

signed the S. C. I. chorus chanted "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

This deadly deed done we could not turn back and a committee was appointed to rent the city hall, secure an orchestra, arrange for lunch and other incidentals.

Invitations were then issued and on the starry evening of February 9th, one hundred and fifty couples and a few more assembled in the city hall and passed a very delightful evening. Dancing and other frivolities were heartily indulged in by the students and staff. Mr. and Mrs. Overholt, Mr. and Mrs. Dent and Mrs. Grant received and added greatly to the success of the evening.

Everybody pronounced the whole affair a grand success or as Dorothy Richardson said, "It was peachy." This year's executive are planning another one and we wish them every success in their undertaking.

MAPLE LEAF GARAGE

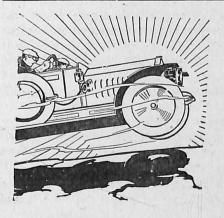
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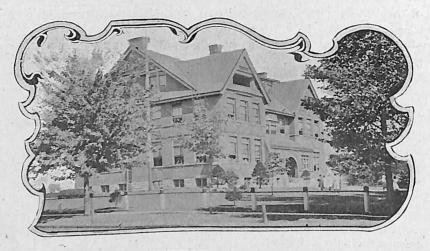


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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

As a diversion from the omnipresent war article, it is interesting to go back into the history of our own collegiate. The history of Sarnia's schools dates from the year 1838 when Mr. Duncan McNaughton opened the first educational institute in the city, in the upper flat of a warehouse on the riverfront behind the present Durand Block. From this time on, interest in education grew and gradually, as the years passed and the town increased in size, additional accommodation for the young student was provided.

It was not, however, until 1850 that the desire for more advanced training resulted in the formation of a grammar school. A little to the north of a small red brick school, which stood on the present site of St. Andrew's Arena, a little frame house was erected and here the first Grammar School opened under the Head Mastership of Mr. J. Walker. This Grammar School, as it was called until an Act of Parliament in 1871 changed the name to High School, was an important institution in its day, and Sarnia was then, as now, well known for its educational facilities. Many, who have since been very successful in various walks of life, received their education from Mr. J. Walker, or perhaps we might be more correct in saying from Mr. Walker's cane—for in those days the cane was considered as essential as the Latin Grammar to the progress in Scholarship.

On the 20th of July, 1855, an event of some importance in the history of Sarnia schools took place. On this date the Board of the Public School, and the Board of the Grammar School held a joint meeting. There were present a number of citizens, now almost forgotten, but then, prominent men in the county. At this time, it was decided to unite the two schools under their respective Boards with the title for the school, "The United Grammar and Common School of Sarnia." A committee was appointed to choose a site and to request the co-operation of the County Council. The committee did not meet with success in their appeal to the council, but they chose a site, and in 1859 a lot was purchased and a four room building erected where the General Hospital now stands. This building was opened in 1860 with Mr. John Brebner in charge of the Common School and Mr. W. B. Evans, Headmaster of the one room devoted to the Grammar School.

Mr. Evans had charge of the Grammar School for but a short time when he was succeeded by Mr. Checkley and that gentleman was succeeded in 1866 by Mr. Sinclair who occupied the principalship for twenty years. In 1875 one of the Collegiate's best teachers joined the staff, in the person of Miss Pottinger who remained until the year 1902:

Our honored Latin Master, Mr. D. M. Grant, joined the staff in 1886 and in 1888 became principal, which office he held until 1902 when he was succeeded by Mr. Crassweller. Today, the freshmen should not be surprised when Mr. Grant quotes pages of the texts to them as he has seen texts come and go for

the past thirty-one years.

In 1890 the Grammar School or High School, as it was now called, was in a similar position to the Collegiate of today-it could not accommodate the students. Therefore property was purchased on the London Road and the present building started. In its day, it was considered the finest high school in Ontario and cost the town of Sarnia forty thousand dollars. It was opened January first, 1892 with the following staff: -Mr. D. M. Grant, principal; Mr. Corbett, Mr. Corkill, Mr. Campbell and Miss Pottinger. Of this original staff, Mr. Grant alone remains. In 1902 several changes took place. Miss Pottinger retired from the staff. Mr. Grant gave up the principalship and was succeeded by Mr. Crassweller who remained until the close of 1912. Next to Mr. Grant, Mr. Dent has been a member of the staff for the longest period as he became Science Master in 1904. Our present worthy principal, Mr. A. M. Overholt, came in 1913 and under his guidance rapid strides forward have been taken by the school in every department of its work.

Sarnia Collegiate has a good representation in the educational faculties of this country. Hon J. R. Brown, Minister of Education, for Alberta, is an Old Boy, as are also Prof. Alex. Thompson, of McGill University, Prof. William McDonald, late of McMaster, now attached to the American Government at Washington in an important capacity, Mr. C. A. Barnes, late inspector of schools for East Lambton, Mr. Jas. Brebner, registrar of the University of Toronto. Two very prominent lawyers, who received their education here, are Judge Brown of British Columbia and Justice Vanstone, of New York who is also an editor of a leading financial journal of the American metropolis.

We might enumerate many more names of men who have achieved success in our own city, as the majority of our prominent business and professional men having received their training here. The success of the S. C. I. Old Boys both here and elsewhere should set a high standard for the pupils of today. With the advantages of modern methods of education, which our predecessors did not have, we hope to see an even greater percentage of S. C. I. students in the important positions hereafter than we

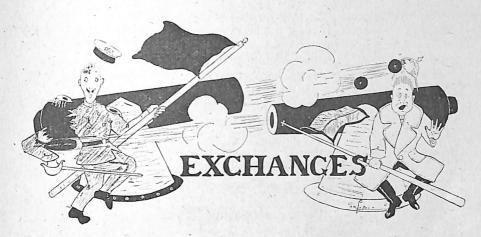
have seen in the past.

It can hardly be said that there ever was a time when the school accommodation for Sarnia kept pace with the school population, and this lack of accommodation is acute at present at the Collegiate Institute. Now that the congestion in the Public Schools has been relieved by the erection of the excellent new public school (which, by the way, has never been named by the Board of Education), it is high time that steps were taken for the erection of a new wing to the Collegiate to contain a decent gymnasium and showers, proper Science rooms, a Domestic Science room, and at least three or four class rooms.

[The "Collegiate" staff is much indebted to Mr. R. E. Le Sueur and Mr. D. M. Grant, who furnished the material for this article.]

Bill Paterson (Meditating):

"I wish I was a little rock
A-sittin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothin' all day long,
But just a-sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
I'd rest myself by gosh!"



A very important feature of a magazine of this kind is the Exchange Department. This department has fallen down to some extent during the past year but we are doing our best to build it up again.

"The Collegiate" wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Hackley"—Tarrytown, N. Y.

"Chaos"—Detroit, Mich.

"St. Margaret's Chronicle"-Toronto, Ont.

"Lake Lodge Record"—Grimsby, Ont.

"The Annals"—Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

"The Saltshaker"-London, Ont.

"The Annals"-Toronto, Ont.

"Vox Lycei"—Hamilton, Ont.

"The Triangle"-Detreit, Mich.

"The Student"-Port Huron, Mich.

"St. Andrew's Review"—Toronto, Ont.

"Trinity Review"-Toronto, Ont.



The year 1917-'18 promises to be a good one in athletics. While the football team did not land the championship, it appeared in the finals in a clean, fast game on the Woodstock college campus with the University of Toronto schools. Here was demonstrated the fact that we, though defeated, played it out to the end with quite as much tenacity as we displayed in the opening stages of the season's play. One of the best "Field Days" in many years was held, and in view of the fact that no prizes were offered, except championship medals, it would appear that we have attained to the right idea in regard to open competition in sport. The contest is the thing not the prize. Basket ball was always a favorite winter game of the school among the boys but this year the girls have taken up the game vigorously, and are deriving much benefit from their form competition.

The members of the staff who have placed much of their spare time at the disposal of the students for the direction of games should be gratified at the excellent results of their work. The thanks of the students are due the teachers who are interested in this phase of our work as a Collegiate Institute.

But, we do need shower baths and a decent floor in a very decadent and descrepit gymnasium building.

FOOTBALL

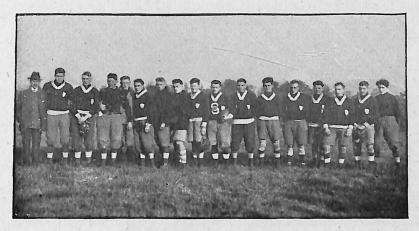
S. C. I.-Old Boys, 29-0

On Saturday, September 28th, the S. C. I. regulars took the measure of the old boys for the first time in three years. The game was rough and fast and every person on both teams played the game of his life. The "firsts" line bucked and held well, while the back field got away for long gains. The first half ended with a score of 6-0 in favor of the Collegiate. Superior condition told in the dying moments of the game, and when the full time whistle blew, the score stood S. C. I., 29- Old Boys, o.

S. C. I, 32- Windsor, 7

Endurance and splendid condition derived from numerous grueiling workouts during the month of September, enabled the blue and white squad to defeat Windsor Collegiate on Monday, October 8th, by the score of 32-7. Windsor scored in the second quarter and they kept the lead until half-time.

The first half was played under American rules and, when the switch was made to Canadian rules at half-time, the Sarnia lads came to life, and by a series of bucks and end runs pounded their way up the field. "Chas." MacKenzie ran over the first touchdown, after "Tiny" Paterson had bucked his way to within



1917 JUNIOR O. R. F. U. TEAM

Left to right, Mr. Runnings, Coach; W. Paterson, Mgr.; F. Slater, Manore, Jennings, H. Slater, Allan, Cook, Cowan, Smith, Capt.: Copeland, J. Paterson, Henderson, Sproule, Ferguson, MacKenzie, Garvey.

one foot of the line. Cook then caught an onside kick and crossed the line for a second touchdown. Capt. Smith and Ed. Ferguson each added five points, and the game ended with the S. C. I. on the long end of a 32-7 score. The line plunging of "Tiny" and "Pirate" Paterson, the tackling of Ferguson and Smith, together with the punting of Henderson were the main feature of the game.

S. C. I., 16-Petrolia, o

Owing to the London Collegiate's defaulting to the S. C. I. a game was played between Sarnia and the Petrolia town team on Saturday, October 13th, in the Hard Oil Town. Despite the large score, the game was very interesting to witness, and, at times, the ePtrolia team pressed hard, but their advance was crushed by the blue and white line. The line, as usual, held and bucked well, and, although the back field gained ground consistently, a great deal of fumbling occurred. Lyle Smith and Jimmie Paterson showed up well for the locals, while the whole Petrolia team played a good game.

S. C. I., 28- Woodstock College, 17

On Saturday, November 3rd, the S. C. I. team journeyed to Woodstock College to play the first game of the semi-finals in the O. R. F. U. The Woodstock team fought hard for a victory, but once more superior condition triumphed, and the good old S. C. I. was again victorious.

Exactly one minute after the game commenced, a Woodstock player scooped up a poorly passed ball, and scored an easy touchdown, which was converted. Charlie MacKenzle evened up the count a few minutes later by running 60 yards with half the Woodstock team trailing behind him. This was converted, and two touchdowns, one by each team, that were both converted, along with two rouges by Woodstock placed the latter on the heavy side of 14-12 score at half-time.

The second half opened with both teams playing good football, but numerous injuries took the heart out of Woodstock, and Sarnia scored three touchdowns, one of which was converted. As usual, Jimmie Paterson played a star game and the way he carried the ball through a broken field was a treat to see. The rest of the back field showed up well, while E. Ferguson and MacKenzie were the pick of the line.

Through the columns of the "Collegiate" the members of the team wish to thank the Woodstock College boys for the kind treatment they received both before and after the game.

S. C. I., 22- Woodstock, 1

Carrying the play into their opponent's territory at all stages of the game, the S. C. I. football team triumphed over Woodstock College at Bayview Park on Saturday, November 10th, by a score of 22-1; winning the round in the O. R. F. U. semi-finals by a 50-18 margin. From the moment the referee's whistle started the game until the close, the blue and white outclassed their opponents, and played a brand of football seldom seen in this city. To pick out an individual star would be a difficult task, but the work of the Paterson brothers, Henderson, Smith and MacKenzie stood out prominently for the locals, while Tufford, Holtby, Carson and Knox were the pick of the visitors.

Henderson started the scoring, dropping on a loose ball behind Woodstock's line which was not converted. Two bucks, an end run and a center rush netted another five points and the half ended with Sarnia in the lead 10-0.

Line plunges by Smith, Cook and the two Patersons gained a touchdown that was converted and a rouge brought Sarnia's score up to 17-0. Cook was pulled down and forced to rouge, but redeemed himself by making a grand run that ended in a touchdown. The full time whistle ended the struggle and the S. C. I. were victors by 22-1.

After the game the Woodstock team was banquetted by the Athletic Association and a good time was reported by all.

U. T. S., 16- S. C. I., 7

The Inter-Collegiate Championship of Ontario was decided on Saturday, November 24th, in a game played at Woodstock, when University of Toronto Schools triumphed over the S. C. I. squad. The game was played on a snow-covered field, and, although the score would perhaps indicate that the locals were outclassed, such was not the case.

Henderson's absence was keenly felt, although Teddy Cook punted well considering he was hampered by a strained leg. In this department of the game, U. T. S. was very strong, and this, together with luck that was decidedly against the S. C. I. decided the issue.

Toronto secured a touchdown, a convert and two rouges in the first quarter, but two rouges and a touchdown by Sarnia made the score 8-7 in favor of U. T. S. by half-time. The last half was an exchange of punts and when the full-time whistle blew U. T. S. were victors by a 16-7 score.

For Toronto, Munro and Irwin were the best, while the whole S. C. I. team played the game of their lives.

Once more Woodstock College entertained the team at a dinner and a close friendship has sprung up between the two institutions.

The Second Team

Too much cannot be said of the 1917 Second Team and a large share of the success accredited to the First Team is due to the "scrubs." Night after night they faithfully turned out to do battle with the regulars, and it was by their continual pounding that the firsts kept in the pink of condition throughout the season.

A great deal of promising material developed on this years' "seconds" and it is easily seen that next year's "firsts" will be made up of many from the scrub team.

Last season it was a different proposition for the second team. Everybody had an opportunity to make the regular line but this year the seniors fourteen was almost intact and it was a very difficult matter for a man to win a place on the first team. Next year, however, every position will be keenly contested, and the old S. C. I. should turn out a team that will be a credit to the institution and the town that supports it.

Field Day

The Annual Field Day was held at Bayview Park on Friday. October 8th. The two years' rest between track meets seemed to do the school a great deal of good for never was so much interest shown in every event. Stuart Henderson carried off the senior boys' championship with Jimmie Paterson and Charlie MacKenzie a close second and third. "Stewie's" broad jump of 19 feet 1 inch broke all previous records of the school besides being a half-inch better than the Ontario Agricultural College record. Russel McAllister, Basil LeBel and Bert Menzies were first, second and third respectively in the Junior boys' contest, and not until the final event was over, was the above result certain. Lil-

lian Fuller came out ahead in the Senior girls' events with Emily Clark second and Evelyn Law third. The Junior girls' championship was the most keenly contested of all. Only one point separated Christine Dawson from Mary Ferguson and Aileen Richardson, and the former's victory was well deserved.

BASKET BALL

In respect to the number of games played, the basket ball season of 1917 was the best one in the history of the school, but in regard to interest taken in the team that was striving to win laurels for our institute, it was away below the records of previous years. Time after time, Captain Smith appealed to the students to witness the contests but few responded.

In all, the team played an even dozen games. Eight were played with Port Huron teams, against whom S. C. I. was victorious six times. The O. A. B. A. season then opened, and two games were played with Strathroy Collegiate—Sarnia winning on the round. Chatham was our next opponent, and although the blue and white quintette offered a strong resistance the Maple City lads were victorious. The S. C. I. team was made up of the following players: L. Smith (Capt), R. MacDougall, B. Jennings, K. Fiddes, W. Copeland, and E. Beresford.

The 1918 season will soon open and the Athletic Association



A VIEW OF THE FIELD DAY SPORTS—¼ MILE RUN
S. Henderson in lead, J. Paterson, second, and C. MacKenzie, third.

is organizing an inter-form league and hope to have the co-operation and support of the whole school.

Already the girls have completed an inter-form league, and if ever there were more interesting games to watch than the semi-finals and finals of that tournament, a person would have to go a long way to witness them. Lower 2 defeated Lower 3 in the finals and thus captured the girls' basket ball championship of the S. C. I. Lower 2 was represented by Nan Marsden (Capt), Jean Marsden, Bessie Grace, Dorothy Seager, Freda Taylor, Annie Oakes and Bernice Knowles.

BASEBALL

Every form of athletics seemed to flourish in the school during 1917. Early in the spring, the Athletic Association held a meeting with the result that the "Delian League" comprised of the Athenians, Spartans and Corinthians, was formed. "Red" Cowan, who captained the victorious "Athenians" still likes to tell everyone that because Corinth and Sparta were not in the original Delian League, their modern representatives had positively no chance against his beauty-loving and highly cultured ball-players.

However, the "Athenians" had a hard battle and with difficulty prevented the "Spartans" from capturing the championship. The final game between the Athenians and Spartans was fought out on the Collegate 'backyard." While the officials were being agreed upon, Henderson knitted a wash-cloth and Jennings warmed up the Spartan Willard Gray with a hot-water bottle and a shingle.

Play then commenced, and Henderson struck out three men after "Farmer" Gibb had reaped a home run. Jennings walked six Athenians but no runs were scored as Mediator Copeland insisted that the lucky sextette ran instead of walked. The S. C. I. traveling crane, Phippen, was then requested to place Grenadier Jennings in the dug-out. This was done with neatness and dispatch, and, while the Spartans sought "Delphic Oracle," Douglas Bell, for advice, Reverend Elford delivered an earnest discourse on the wiles and ways of wicked women. George Bradt then recovered the ball from numerous small-fry, the trumpets of Athens sounded the advance, and the players retired to luncheon. Jack Barrie and Sproule remained on guard and amused themselves with tossing pop-bottles on the homeplate.

The two teams then returned to the field very full of their subject, embraced the mediator and wept on his neck. The game recommenced and, after a few exciting hours, the Athenians were victorious. The winners were made up of Cowan (Capt), Henderson, Tesky, Fuller, Weston, W. Paterson, MacAllister, Manore, MacGibbon.

SPORT NOTES

"Son" Jennings and "Leggo" Fuller wish to say that the reason they did not enter the Field Day Events was because they did not wish to take the championship away from the kids.

The Toronto papers claim U. T. S. has the speediest half-backs in Ontario. They forget that fifteen-year-old Jimmie Paterson made them all look sick when he tore down the field for twenty, thirty and forty yard runs in the last game.

Nan and Jean Marsden have the range of those baskets in the gym. Their shooting contributes much to Lower Two's victories.

No one has mentioned anything about hockey for the coming winter. A good inter-form league could be formed as well as a school team. Get busy some one.

Why can't the boys and girls co-operate a little more in athletics. It would lead to a better school spirit and that's what we are lacking at present.

Several schools are printing a song and yell sheet. The S. C. I needs one.

Good feeling has arisen between Woodstock College and the S. C. I. It is a good thing to have and should be encouraged by all.

Found in Red Cowan's diary:

Break, break break, At the foot of thy crags, oh sea! But though you've been breaking for ages past, You're never as broke as me.



Beaty Jennings, Editor

Mr. Grant: "Who rebuilt Athens?"

Copeland: "I don't think they've let the contract yet."

Mr. Grant: "When did Menes live? (Silence) Open your books and find out. What does it say?"

M. Clark: "Menes 3400 B. C."

Mr. Grant: "Why didn't you say it before?"

Margaret: "Oh, I thought that was his phone number."

Father: "When I was a boy I was glad to get dry bread to eat."

Son: "Say, dad, aren't you glad you're living with us now?"

Mr. Dent: (Speaking of chlorine gas) "It's very interesting how this gas kills people."

Mr. Overholt: "I'm tempted to give you fellows an exam." Duncan: "Sir, yield not to temptation."

Hostess: "Isn't it a shame this poor turkey should have to die."

Guest: "Yes, it is rather tough."

Mrs. O'Rafferty: "Missus Murphy, your child is badly spoiled."

Mrs. Murphy: "What?"

Mr. O'Rafferty: "Well, if you don't bleieve me, come and see what the steam-roller did to it."

Buzz Hayes: "Who was the fastest runner in the world?"
Poke McGibbon: "Adam, because he was the first in the human race."

Doug. Bell (In Literature class): "One should not live in a 'fool's paradise."

"Son" Jennings: "I think I'll leave the Upper School."

Bill Paterson: "The most poetic line in the passage is 'A picture 'tis of lasting ease.'"

Miss Story: "I'm afraid it is the thought and not the poetry that appeals to you, Will."

American (To Recruit): "Some fight, eh?" Recruit: "Yes, and some don't."

MacKenzie (after Miss Story has told how Caesar conquered England): "Please Caesar never fought Scotland, did he?"

Sunday School Teacher: "Can anybody tell me anything about Good Friday?"

Small Boy: "Please, ma'am, he did the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

Miss Harvey (In Upper Physics): "Now, listen to the noise made by this piece of string."

"Honk! Honk! from a Ford on the London Road."

Jennings: "Why does Beresford wear an elastic band around his head in a basket ball game?"

MacDougall: "All solids expand when heated."

Leckie: "I don't like tennis a little bit."

Bell: "Why?"

Leckie: "I simply can't stand the racket."

Mr. Dent (Putting his head in upper school door): "Ferguson, take that gum out of your mouth. You're disturbing the class upstairs."

Mr. Grant: "Say, Fuller, put your feet down so that I can see the rest of the class.

MacKenzie: "How many make a million?"

Dorothy: "Very few."

Pat: "Do you stutter all the time?"

Mike: "No, only when I talk."

Sister: "Do you ever get hungry in history class, Lyle?"
Smith: "No, the teacher is always stuffing us with dates and current events."

I never sausage eyes.

Judge: "Seems to me your face is very familiar."

Prisoner: "Yes, your honour, I tend bar across the road."

MacCobb: "Please sir, this match won't light."

Mr. Dent: "That's funny, it lit all right a minute ago."

J. Allan: "Flour was ten dollars a barrel today."

Manore: "That's a lot of dough."

"Dug" Bell: "You seem pretty proud that you gave 25c to the Red Cross."

"Bill" Paterson—"You bet, talk about doing your bit, I just did two bits."

He: "I am working as a blacksmith in a restaurant."

She: "How is that?" He: "Shooing flies."

E. Clark: "Gimme some soap, please."

Clerk: "Scented?"

E. Clark: "No, I'll take it with me."

Barrie: "I see you're wearing army boots."

Phippen: "Yes, these are the "Queen's Own" boots.

Barrie: "Gee, she must have big feet."

Father: "Daughter, did you have company last night?"

Daughter: "Yes, only Mary."

Father: "Tell Mary, she left her pipe on the lounge."

B. Grace: "What was Adam and Eve's phone number?"

H. Fritz: "Search me." L. Grace: "2, 81, apple."

Gentleman: "Is my bath warm, Rastus?" Valet: "De warmest ah was ever in!"

Student: "How long can a person live without brains?"

Teacher: "I don't know, how old are you?"

F. Slater: "I have a suit of clothes for every day of the year."

S. Tesky: "Where do you keep them all?"

'Slater: "This is it I have on."

Copeland: "The man who was run over by an auto last night is now out of danger."

Beresford: "Gosh, that's good." Copeland: "He died this morning."

Dave Howard: "Say 'beef-trust' how do you get fat?" Carter (Very bored): "Oh, you get it at the butcher's."

H. Fuller: "Why is there no such thing as a whole day?" I. MacBean: "Because every day begins with breaking.'

Mr. Runnings: "What is the difference between a lake and

LeBel: "A lake is much more pleasant to swallow when you fall in."

Carr: "Why did you raise your hat to that girl, you don't know her, do you?"

Cowan: "No, but my brother does and this is his cap."

CANADA AND THE WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE

Recent developments in Europe, official correspondence and the latest crop estimates make it plain that the world food situation today is serious beyond anything that we could see a few months ago. Unless we are willing to make some sacrifice in our eating and rigorously to guard against waste of food stuffs, we may find the conclusive victory of our armies endangered.

Reports of the crops in France and Italy show that we shall be called upon to strain every effort and to conserve every ounce of food to make up the shortage of our Allies. Temporary disaster has overtaken the Italian army and it will be necessary to support them to the utmost by rushing food shipments. The requirements of Great Britain will be much larger than they were last year. We must also ensure the women and children of France against terrible suffering and make certain that the Allied cause will not be weakened by shortage of essential food supplies.

The situation is grave today and the time has come when the people of Canada must realize that the Allies are depending on the continent of North America to a far greater extent than ever before. It is within the power of all of us effectively to support the efforts of our armies. The Canadian farmer has done his part by harvesting a splendid crop. Plans have been made for greater production next year. But until the next harvest, the only means of increasing the exportable surplus of food is for the consumer to do his duty. The fighting efficiency of the Allied forces will be impaired unless Canada awakens to the seriousness of the food problem. There rests upon us a tremendous responsibility—perhaps for the very issue of the war.

W. J. HANNA, Food Controller.

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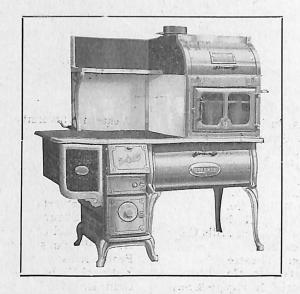
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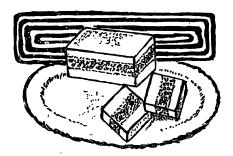
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